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Poetry.

For the Mercury.

"THE DYING HUNTER."

BY W. K. DELANEY.

Life down! lie down! my noble hound,  
That joyful bark give o'er;  
It wakes the lonely echoes round,  
But reason me no more.

Thy lifted ears—thy swelling chest—  
Thine eyes so keenly bright—  
No longer kindle in my heart  
The thrill of fierce delight.

As when my soul outstripped thy speed,  
When following thee on foaming steed,  
Lie down! lie down! my faithful hound,  
Thy master's life is sped;

Low at my feet—along the ground,  
Go stretch thee by the dead,  
And when the blush of early day,  
Is mantling o'er the sky,

Then speed thee faithful friend away,  
And to my comrade hie.

And guide him to the lonely spot—  
Thy closed eyes behold him not.

Farewell! farewell, my trusty hound,  
Death comes, and we must part;  
In my dull ear strange murmurs sound—  
More faintly throbs my heart;

And many twinkling lights of heaven,  
Scarce glimmer in the blue;  
Chill round me falls the breath of even,  
Cold on my brow the dew;

Earth, stars, and heaven are lost to sight,  
The chase is o'er—brave friend—good night.

MAUD

BY TENNYSON.

Come into the garden, Maud,  
For the black bat, night has flown,  
Come into the garden, Maud,  
I am here at the gate, alone;

And the woodbine sprays are wafted abroad,  
And the music of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,  
And the planet of Love is on high,  
Beginning to faint with the light that she loves,  
On a bed of daffodil sky.

To faint in the light of the sun that she loves  
To faint in his light, and to die.

ALL NIGHT HAVE THE ROSES BLOWN

The flute, violin, bassoon;  
All night has the casket jasmine stirred  
To the dancers dancing in tune;  
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,  
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily—There is but one  
With whom she has heart to be gay,  
When will the dancers leave her alone?  
She is weary of dance and play.

Now half to the setting moon are gone,  
And half to the rising day;  
Low on the sand, and loud on the stone  
The last wail echoes away.

I said to the rose—The brief night goes  
In bubble and revel and wine,  
O young love, love, what sighs are those  
For one that will never be thine?

But mine, but mine, 'I swear to the rose  
For ever and ever more."

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,  
As the music clashed in the hall;  
And long by the garden lane I stood,  
For I heard you rivulet fall

From the lake to the meadow and on to the  
wood,  
One word that is dearer than all;  
From the meadow your walks have left so  
sweet

That whenever a March-wind sighs,  
He sets the jewel-print of your feet  
In violets, blue as your eyes,  
To the woody hollows in which we meet  
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake  
One long milk-blossom on the tree;  
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,  
As the pimpernel doled on the sea;  
But the rose was awake all night for your  
sake

Knowing your promise to me;  
The lilies and roses were all awake  
They sighed for the dawn, and thee.

Queen rose of the rose bud garden of girls,  
Come hither, the dances are done,  
In gloss of satin and shimmer of pearls,  
Queen lily and rose in one;  
Shine out little head, running over with curls  
To the flowers, and be their sun.

Then has fallen a splendid tear  
From the passion flower at the gate,  
She is coming my dove, my dear;  
She is coming my life, my fate;

The red rose cries "She is near, she is near!"  
And the white rose weeps, "She is late,"  
The lark-sparrows listen, "I hear, I hear,"  
And the lily whispers "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet,  
Were it ever so airy a tread,  
My heart would hear her and beat,  
Were it earth, in an earthly bed;  
My dust would hear her and beat,  
Had I lain for a century dead;  
Would start and tremble under her feet  
And blossom in purple and red.

WATCH, WATCH MOTHER.

Mother, watch the little feet  
Climbing o'er the garden wall,  
Bounding through the busy street,  
Ringing collar, shed and hat;  
Never count the moments lost,  
Never mind the time it costs;  
Little feet will go astray—  
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother, watch the little hand  
Picking berries by the way,  
Making houses in the sand,  
Toying on the fragrant grass,  
Never dare the question ask,  
"Why to me the heavy task?"  
These small little hands may prove  
Messengers of light and love.

Selected Tale.

THE MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGE.

BY H. STEFFENS.

The northwestern part of the island of Zealand, has a very bleak and lonely appearance. No plant can grow in the quicksand. Moveable sandhills, the play of the winds, constantly shifting their places, arise and disappear, to arise again at some distance. When travelling through the island, I spent an hour here, impressing me with the idea of loneliness and desolation. While I slowly rode along on horseback, a storm arose in the north from the sea shore. The river rose up, the clouds were driven along in the firmament, the sky grew darker and darker, the sand began to move in larger and larger masses, under the hoofs of my horse, it was hurled about by the wind and the air. The horse sunk deep into the loose sand. Sky and earth and sea were mixed up with each other, and everything was wrapped in clouds of dust and sand, so that I found it utterly impossible to see my way or to know in which direction to go. There was no trace of life or vegetation—the storm howled through the air—thunder rolling at a distance—and the flashes of lightning could scarcely penetrate thick clouds of dust around me. The danger was apparent, when a sudden violent rain brought the sand to rest, and rendered it impossible for me, wet to the skin, to find my way to the next little town.

In this dreary neighborhood there was, a hundred years ago, a village at a distance of about a mile from the sea-shore. The quicksands have buried the village; the inhabitants, most of whom were sailors or fishermen, have erected their cottages closer to the shore. Only the church, built on the top of a hill, is still in the same place, surrounded by the dreary wilderness. It is in this church that the event took place which I am going to relate.

The venerable old parson sat in his lonely room, being absorbed in pious contemplation. It was about midnight. The house was at the end of the village; its door was not locked, the patriarchal simplicity of the inhabitants being so great that lock and key were almost unknown. The parson's lamp shone dimly, while the sullen silence of the house was only disturbed by the rushing of the waves. He heard that the door was opened, and heard many steps approaching on the staircase; he expected that he should be summoned to give comfort to a dying man in his agonies. Two unknown men, wrapped in white cloaks, stepped into the room. One of them said, while approaching in a civil manner, "Sir, you will be kind enough to follow us; you must officiate at a marriage. Bride and bridegroom are waiting in the distant church. This sum," said he, pointing to a filled purse, "will sufficiently make up for your trouble and for your being startled by the unexpected summons." The old man stared at the foreigners, whose appearance seemed to him strange and awful—nay, even ghastly. The man repeated his demand in a pressing and commanding manner. After having recovered from his astonishment, the clergyman began mildly to remonstrate that his office did not allow him to dispense with the due formalities, or to perform the sacred duty without knowing the bride couple. Then the second of the strangers stepped forth in a threatening attitude. "Sir," said he, "you can choose. You follow us, and take the offered sum of money or remain; but then you are a dead man!" He raised a pistol to his forehead and waited for the answer. The old parson grew pale, rose up in fear and silence, dressed himself and said, "I am ready." The stranger had spoken Danish, but in such a way that there could be no mistake as to their being foreigners.

So they crossed the village in the silence of a dark autumnal night. When leaving it, the clergyman perceived with horror that his church was brilliantly lit up. And forth in silence marched his companions over the lonely sandy plain while he, absorbed in his reflections, with difficulty followed them. When arrived at the church door, they bounded up their eyes and he heard a well known side-door opening with a creaking noise, and was pushed forward into a dense crowd. All around through the church he heard a whispering murmur; in his neighborhood, discourses in an unknown language, which he took for Russian. While thus standing in utter perplexity, with closed eyes and pressed from all sides, his hand was taken hold of, and he was forcibly pulled through the crowd. At last the people gave way, the tie was taken off, and he found himself standing before the altar. It was adorned by a long row of wax candles, in magnificent silver candlesticks; the whole church was so well lit by a great many candles, that the most distant matters could be distinctly recognized. The sullen silence of the great multitude filled now his soul with horror, as shortly before had done their murmurs. Sideways and pews were occupied by the crowd, but the middle passage was clear, and the minister saw deep below himself a fresh dog grave. The stone, that before had served to cover it, stood leaning against a pew. The minister saw nothing but men, except one woman, whom he could dimly recognize in a distant view. The stillness lasted some minutes. No one moved.

At last a man arose, whose magnificent garments distinguished him from the rest, and manifested his high rank. He stepped resolutely through the empty passage, his steps resounding through the church, while stared at by the multitude. The man was of middle size, broad shouldered, his gait proud, his countenance of a brownish yellow color, his hair black, his features hard and severe, the lips spitefully closed, a bold aquiline nose increasing his commanding appearance; his little black eyes burning with a wild fire, overshadowed by a long dark bushy eyebrow. He wore a green coat, trimmed with broad gold lace, and a star shone on his breast. The bride, who knelt at his side, was dressed carefully and magnificently. An azure robe, richly trimmed with silver surrounded her slender figure. A diadem glittering with jewels adorned her fair hair. Her features were graceful and handsome, although distorted by anxiety. Her pale lips had a deathlike appearance, and her eyes were dim with tears.

The clergyman, paralyzed by terror, remained for some time dumb in his position, when a savage glance of the bridegroom reminded him of the ceremony. A new perplexity for him was his doubt whether the bride couple would understand his language. He composed himself, and asked the bridegroom what were their names. "Neander, Feodora," answered he, in a coarse voice.

The clergyman began now to read the formula of marriage. His voice trembled. He was often obliged to repeat his words, but no one seemed to perceive his perplexity, whereby he was confirmed in his supposition that no one in his congregation perfectly understood his language, when he now proceeded to ask—

"Neander will you recognize Feodora, who kneels beside you, for your lawful wife?"

He thought that, from ignorance of the language, the bridegroom might not answer, and he said, "I never could understand it, and it appears to me this is the hardest sum in the book!"

"Have you ever learned the rules?"

"Yes, sir; see, I can say them all," and at a word they were repeated in order.

"That is the first step, and the next is to apply them. For this purpose the sums are given you, and, as you see, it would be idle to give you a rule without applying it. Now let me try and see if we can work it out together."

"Ah, then I am sure it will be all right. Oh, Mr. Adams, you are so kind."

"Believe me, then, when I say that perseverance will do more for you than I can, I may show you how to do this particular sum, but I am not certain that you will be enabled to do the next in order, after you have seen the figures placed in this particular case; but if, through perseverance, you had accomplished it, you would have so impressed upon your mind the combination that it would never have been forgotten."

"But how can we persevere?"

"Oh, that is easy enough. Where there is a will there is a way. Pope the poet learned to write by copying the letters in printed books; and the Aztecs, with no means of forming cutting tools, like our steel chisels, made instruments that answered the same purpose by rubbing down a very hard stone to a wedge. Of the amount of work required for this we can form no idea—and have you never heard of the woman who was seen rubbing an iron bar, to convert it into a needle?"

"Oh, Mr. Davis, what a queer way of making a needle!"

"Yet there are instances in abundance of the same patient zeal to accomplish the end had in view; and so must every little girl set to her task, if she would master it. Now show George the sum that has caused you much trouble."

"Here it is.—If a herring and a half costs a cent and a half, what will twelve herrings cost?"

"Well, there is nothing very difficult about that. What did you make out the answer to be; or, rather, how did you go to work to find out the answer?"

"First I put down a cent and a half and multiplied by twelve"—Which made?"

"Twelve whole cents and twelve half cents." Twelve half cents make six whole ones, which, added to the twelve, make eighteen; but the book says the answer should be twelve."

"The book is right and you are wrong, and your error is in the very first step.—Now listen. A herring and a half cost a cent and a half. What did one herring cost?"

"Why, a cent and a half."

"No, for that is the price of a herring and a half. Think a moment."

"Oh I see now," exclaimed the delighted child, clapping her hands; "the herring costs a cent and the half herring a half cent. Thus—"

"Twelve herring cost twelve cents."

"Yes, that is it. And now why could you not discover it before?"

"Oh, because the fractions bothered me."

"Which they would not have done had you gone calmly to work to puzzle out the answer. And now try the next."

"But first master George, said the child, who had now regained her confidence in herself, please tell me about the Aztecs, for I never heard of them before. Who were they?"

Father will tell you better than I can.

"They once said Mr. A. comprised a large and cultivated race in the interior of America, and with the Peruvians and Mexicans they were highly gifted in many particulars. We know but little in regard to them. They were idolaters, worshipping carved images, of which there are enormous specimens spread all over Central America. These idols were painted after a prescribed form, and always in the same manner. The goddess of water was represented with a tunic of blue, the god of commerce wore an azure cloak, but his face was spotted with black and white, while his ears were of gold. The divinity who presided over flowers was painted with a red face, and another divinity was painted black, with bundles of feathers to represent flames of fire."

"These idols were made from the hardest stone, cut and polished in a surprising manner, when we consider the means at their disposal for such work; others were made of burnt clay, and not a few of gold and silver."

"Some of their rites were horrible and I shall not tell you about them, but it is not surprising that such economies were contemned when we reflect that the priests set them an example, by sacrificing human victims to appease the wrath of imaginary gods."

"The Aztecs have passed away, the site of their once splendid cities are now but heaps of ruin, and it is only when travelling through the tangled veins of huge forests, or in cankering over rocks and heaps of broken stone, that the wanderer comes upon the silent monuments of a people once mighty, but who have long since been men go an undulating course—sometimes on the hill, sometimes in the valley. But he is only in the right who in the valley forgets not the hill prospect, and knows in darkness that the sun will rise again. That is the real life which is subordinated to, not merged in, the ideal; he is only wise who can bring the lowest act of his life into sympathy with its highest thought. And this I take to be the one aim of our pilgrimage here. I agree with those who think that no true philosophy will try to ignore or annihilate the material part of man, but will rather seek to put it in its place, as servant and minister to the soul."

A leaf is torn from the tree by a rude gale, and borne away to some desert spot to perish. Who misses it from among its fellows? Who is sad that it has gone?—Thus it is with human life. There are dear friends, perhaps, who are stricken with grief when a loved one is taken, and for many days the grave is watered with tears of anguish. But by and by the crystal fountain is drawn dry, the last drop oozes out, the stern gates of forgetfulness fold back upon the exhausted spring, and Time, the blessed healer of sorrow, waits over the closed sepulchre without waking a single echo by the footstep.

Here is a traveller's report of a conversation with a backwoodsman: "Whose house?" "Mog's." "Of what built?" "Logs." "Any neighbors?" "Fogs." "What is the soil?" "Bogs." "The climate?" "Fogs." "Your diet?" "Hogs." "How do you catch them?" "Dogs."

Next to the Bible and history, our old men are connecting links with the past, sent down from one generation to serve as a conservative element in the next succeeding, without which they might madly destroy themselves.

The last, best fruit which comes to late perfection even in the kindest soil, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unforbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, and philanthropy toward the misanthropic.

It is an exquisite and beautiful thing of our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly.

An original instance is given of answering two questions at a time.

"Here, Biddy, my darlint, what's the time o' night and where's the pastry pudding?"

"It's eight, sir."

Would you be holy, you must be humble. Would you be humble, O never forget that the magnet which drew the Savior from the skies, was not your merit, but your misery.

Multum in Parvo.

Original and selected, prepared for the Mercury.

Answer to last week's charade—Bridewell.

CHARADE.

We are a score—nay, something more,  
And in a case I ride;  
And tho' we never disagree,  
We very oft divide.

If we fall out, it is a doubt  
If e'er we meet again;  
Both head and bell, our worth can tell,  
Though oft we cause them pain.

In white array, the ladies gay,  
Are very apt to show us,  
From what we've said, we're half afraid,  
You may too easily know us.

Conundrums.—When does a sculptor explode in strong convulsions? When he makes faces and busts.

When may a lady be said to drink music? When she has a piano-forte.

Why is a man looking for a philosopher's stone like Neptune? Because he's a sea king what never was.

"I wish you had been Eve," said an uncle to a woman who was proverbial for her meanness. "Why so?" "Because you would have eaten all the apple, instead of dividing it with Adam."

A Fact.—Doorkeeper (taking half-price ticket): "Surely, miss, that young lady is over ten; are you not, miss?" Dignified little one—"Pray, are you not aware, sir, that it is extremely rude to ask a lady her age?"

"I will not strike thee, had man," said a Quaker one day, "but I will let this billet of wood fall on thee; and at the precise moment the 'had man' was floored by the weight of a walking stick that the Quaker was known to carry."

Why is an unwelcome visitor like a shadow tree? Because we are glad when he leaves.

A wag says of a woman—"To her virtue we give love; to her beauty admiration; to her hoops the whole pavement."

Cowper says that "the tear that is wiped with address may be followed, perhaps, by a smile." If it is a common tear, the perhaps is unnecessary; you can always dry it.

First Day at School.—Papa—"Well, sissey, how do you like school?"

Sissey—"Oh, so much, 'papa.' 'You're right. Now tell me all you have learned to-day, sissey.' 'I've learned the names of all the little boys!'"

Worse than Mrs. P.—An old lady walked into the office of a Judge of Probate in Rhode Island and asked, "Are you the Judge of Probates?" "I am the Judge of Probate." "Well, that's it, I guess," quoth the old lady; "you see, my father died indebted, and he left seven little fellows, and I want to be their executioner."

What tre represents a person who persists in incurring debts? Willow—(will owe).

Lazy Fish.—Which are the laziest fish in the sea? Oysters, because they are always found in their beds.

A Scotchman who had passed some time in China, being asked if he could speak the language, replied that he could speak broken China.

A man who had been fined several weeks in succession for getting drunk, coolly proposed to the judge that he should take him by the year at a reduced rate.

The following is the newest mode of describing the absence of an intrusive visitor: "Elevate your golgotha (hat) to the summit of your pericranium (head), and permit me to direct your ocular demonstration (eye) toward that instrument which forms the egress portion (door) of this apartment." This will be edifying to some.

A poor old Irish cripple sat begging, urging his appeal to the charity of the passengers with eager and versatile eloquence, when a gentleman and lady regarded his petition. Just as they passed, he exclaimed, "May the blessing of the Lord, which brings love, and joy, and wealth, and a fine family, follow you all the days of your life." A pause. The couple passed heedlessly on, and the beggar, with a fine touch of caustic humor, added, "and never overtake you."

Cheek.—A rare union of fun, impudence, readiness, perseverance, and intelligence, endowing its possessor with the power of walking quietly over social obstacles, which form an impassable barrier to the majority of mankind. For example: It was "cheek" that gave Diogenes the advantage over Alexander; that procured wives (it is great at that) for the early Romans; that enabled the great Barnum to gull his fellow-creatures out of one fortune, and when he had spent that, to make a second by telling his dupes, face to face, how he had done them.

Enigma.—I am composed of 18 letters. My 1, 14, 12, 1, is a shelter. My 2, 3, 8, 9, 7, 6, 11, 4, 3 is a medicinal plant.—My 10, 13, 16, 12 is a metal. My 15, 11, 7, 17, 15, 14 is to force. My 16, 15, 13, 10, 18, 5, 12, 1 is the place where the sun sets. My 3, 7, 9 is a kind of fish. My whole is a very popular book just now.

How to Master a Sum.

For the Mercury.

"Oh, I can't do this sum," exclaimed Ron a Lee, as she despairingly threw down her slate and pencil. "I have been over it ever so many times, and do my best, it will not come out right."

"And how do you expect ever to master it?" asked her teacher, a kind and good-natured man, who was always successful.

"Oh, I don't know. I don't believe I shall ever learn arithmetic. I never could understand it, and it appears to me this is the hardest sum in the book."

"Have you ever learned the rules?"

"Yes, sir; see, I can say them all," and at a word they were repeated in order.

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Here is a traveller's report of a conversation with a backwoodsman: "Whose house?" "Mog's." "Of what built?" "Logs." "Any neighbors?" "Fogs." "What is the soil?" "Bogs." "The climate?" "Fogs." "Your diet?" "Hogs." "How do you catch them?" "Dogs."

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United States Laws.

OFFICIAL.

Passed at the First Session of the Thirty-eighth Congress.

[PUBLIC NO. 1.]

AN ACT declaring the assent of Congress to an act of the legislature of the State of Illinois, therein named.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the consent of Congress is hereby given to the operation of the eleventh section of chapter fifteen of the act of the General Assembly of the State of Illinois, approved February thirteenth, eighteen hundred and sixty-three, entitled "An act to reduce the charter of the city of Chicago, and the several acts amendatory thereof, info and act, and to revise the same," which section is as follows: "Said city shall have the power to extend aqueducts or inlet pipes into Lake Michigan, so far as may be deemed necessary to insure a supply of pure water, and to erect a pipe, pier, or dam, for the navigable waters of said lake, for the making, preserving, and working of said pipes or aqueducts; Provided, That such pier shall be furnished with a beacon-light, which shall be lighted at all such seasons and hours as the light on the pier at the entrance of Chicago river."

Approved, January 16, 1864.

[PUBLIC NO. 2.]

AN ACT authorizing the President to appoint a Second Assistant Secretary of War.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the President be and he is hereby authorized to appoint, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, for the term of one year from the passage of this act, an officer in the War Department, to be called the Second Assistant Secretary of War, whose salary shall be three thousand dollars per annum, payable in the same manner as that of the Secretary of War, who shall perform all such duties in the office of the Secretary of War, belonging to that Department as shall be assigned to him by the Secretary of War, or as may be required by law.

Approved, January 19, 1864.

[RESOLUTION—PUBLIC NO. 1.]

JOINT RESOLUTION of thanks to Major General Ulysses S. Grant, and the officers and soldiers who have fought under his command during this rebellion, and to the President of the United States, for his gallantry and good conduct in the battles in which they have been engaged; and that the President of the United States be requested to cause a gold medal to be struck, with suitable emblems, devices and inscriptions, to be presented to Major General Grant.

Sec. 2. And be it further resolved, That when the said medal shall have been struck, the President shall cause a copy of this joint resolution to be engraved on parchment and shall transmit the same, together with the said medal, to Major General Grant.

Sec. 3. And be it further resolved, That a sufficient sum of money to carry this resolution into effect is hereby appropriated out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

Approved, December 17, 1863.

[RESOLUTION—PUBLIC NO. 2.]

JOINT RESOLUTION tendering the thanks of Congress to Captain John Rodgers of the United States navy, for eminent skill and zeal in the discharge of his duties.

Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That, in pursuance of the recommendation of the President of the United States, and to enable him to advance Captain Rodgers one grade in pursuance of the ninth section of the act of Congress of session July, eighteen hundred and sixty-two, the thanks of Congress be and they are tendered to Captain John Rodgers, "for the eminent skill and gallantry exhibited by him in the engagement with the rebel armed iron-clad steamer 'Albatross,' while in command of the United States iron-clad steamer 'Weschawen,' which led to her capture on June seventeenth, eighteen hundred and sixty-three; and also for the zeal, bravery and general good conduct shown by this officer on many occasions."

Approved, December 23, 1863.

[RESOLUTION—PUBLIC NO. 3.]

JOINT RESOLUTION to supply, in part, deficiencies in the appropriations for the public printing, and to supply deficiencies in the appropriations for bounties to volunteers.

Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That to supply deficiencies, in part, in the appropriations for the public printing, the sum of fifty thousand dollars be and the same is hereby appropriated, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

That the sum of twenty millions of dollars, or so much thereof as may be required, be and the same is hereby appropriated for the payment of bounties and advance pay. Provided, That no bounties, or advance pay, as are not provided by law, shall be paid to any persons enlisted after the fifth day of January next.

Sec. 2. And be it further resolved, That the money paid by drafted persons under the act for enrolling and drilling the national forces, and for other purposes, approved third March, eighteen hundred and sixty-three, shall be paid into the Treasury of the United States, and shall be drawn out on requisitions, as in the case of other public moneys, and the money so paid shall be kept in the Treasury as a special deposit, applicable only to the expenses of draft and for the procurement of substitutes; for these purposes it is hereby appropriated.

Approved, December 23, 1863.

[RESOLUTION—PUBLIC NO. 4.]

JOINT RESOLUTION to provide for the printing annually of the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That it shall be the duty of the Superintendent of Public Printing annually to print, for the use of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, one thousand copies of his report to the Secretary of the Treasury.

Approved, January 13, 1864.

[RESOLUTION—PUBLIC NO. 5.]

JOINT RESOLUTION to continue the bounties to volunteers.

Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the bounties heretofore paid, under regulations and orders from the War Department, to the enlisted men in the regular or volunteer forces of the United States for three years or during the war, shall continue to be paid from the fifth day of January, eighteen hundred and sixty-four, until the first day of March next, anything in the act approved December twenty-third, eighteen hundred and sixty-three, to the contrary notwithstanding. This resolution to be in force from and after its passage.

SCHUYLER COLFAX,

Speaker of the House of Representatives.

H. HAMLIN,

Vice President of the U. S. and President of the Senate,

Approved, January 13, 1864.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



Special Thanksgiving wishes go to my  
husband in New Bedford for being so kind  
and people of that city, but that it was in  
Cassett, who accepted the situation in Phil-  
adel. Well, we are glad that it is so for  
millions of us, but we have an interest in  
younger Cassett, who is one of a New-  
port married couple, and a "Success".

August of \$5,000,000 worth during the month they were offered for sale to the public and it is estimated that \$500,000 was purchased by our citizens of other agencies.

Autopole in the fall of September, 1916 (first of September, N. S.). At that age he was sent to Europe so he had to acquire a knowledge of the third 1917 he went from Paris to London,

Gen. Ferraro, of the Ninth Army, Lannion, writes that he was wounded during 24 years and seven regiments and two battalions of his com-

Capt. East  
was in the  
arms of the  
band.

[illegible]







